

SOULE • BUFFAGNI • MILLA

# DAREDEVIL



**ALL-NEW STORY**  
**ELEKTRIC CONNECTION**  
**STARTS NOW!**



**MARVEL**

006



HELL'S KITCHEN.  
2 AM.

Where  
is she?

It's not  
like her to  
be late.



**SKTCH**

There.

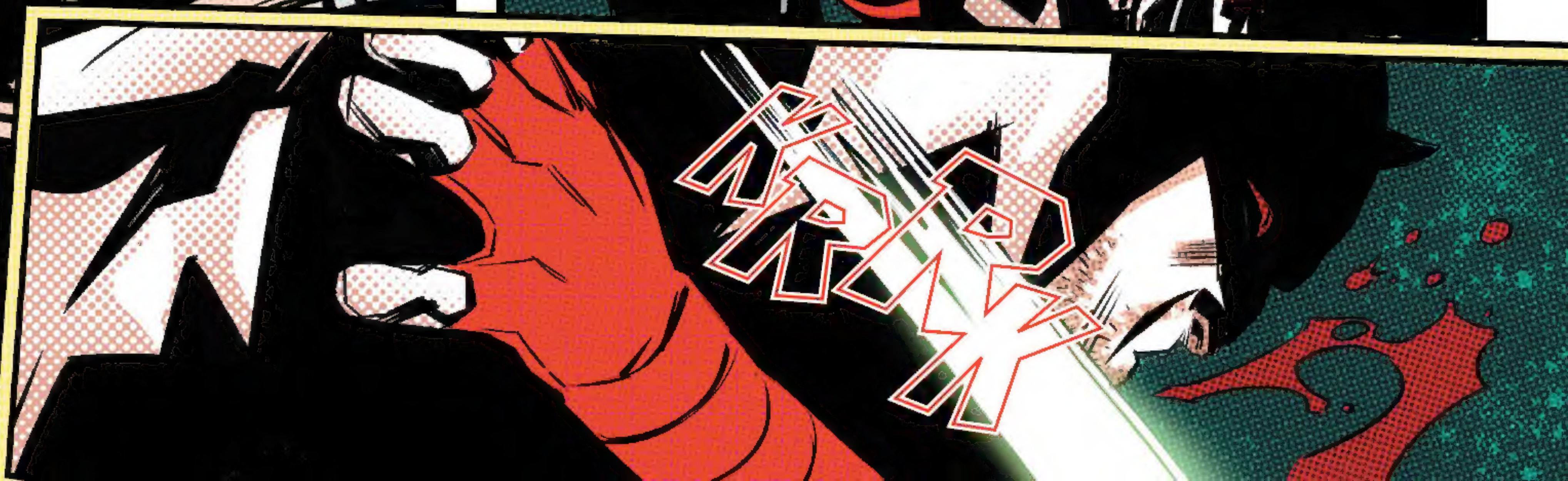
The tiniest  
movement.  
No one else  
could have  
heard it. She  
knows it.

Might as well  
have called  
my name.

HEY.  
I WAS  
BEGINNING TO  
WONDER IF YOU  
WERE GOING  
TO STAND  
ME U--

**FSHWING**



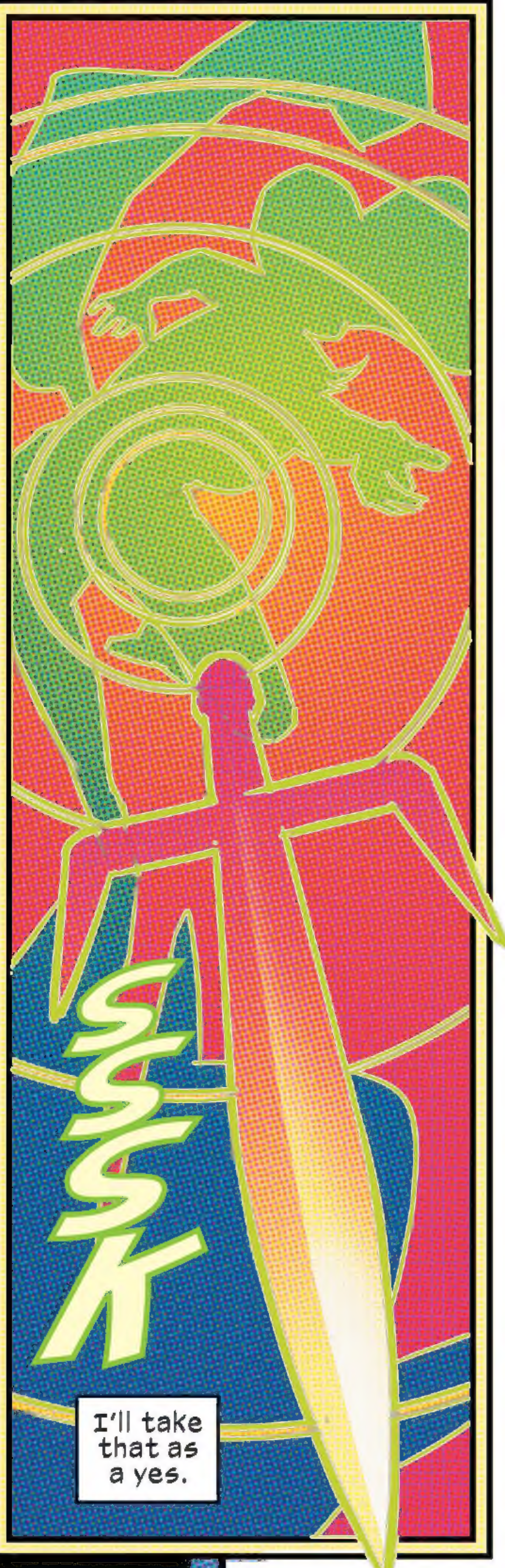




Elektra.

THAT  
ALMOST TOOK  
MY DAMN HEAD  
OFF!

WHAT ARE  
YOU TRYING  
TO DO, KILL  
ME?



I'll take  
that as  
a yes.



WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*. HE IS...

# DAREDEVIL

IN THE MONTHS SINCE HIS RETURN TO NEW YORK, FORMER DEFENSE ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK HAS NOT ONLY BECOME A PROSECUTOR FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK, HE'S ALSO SOMEHOW MANAGED TO REGAIN HIS SECRET IDENTITY AND ERASE ANY PRIOR PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE THAT HE IS IN FACT DAREDEVIL.

WITH A NEW LEASE ON LIFE—AND THE HELP OF HIS PROTÉGÉ BLINDSPOT—THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR NOW PROTECTS HIS CITY WITH COMPLETE AUTONOMY. AND WHILE EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING WELL, THE PAST HAS A WAY OF CATCHING UP...

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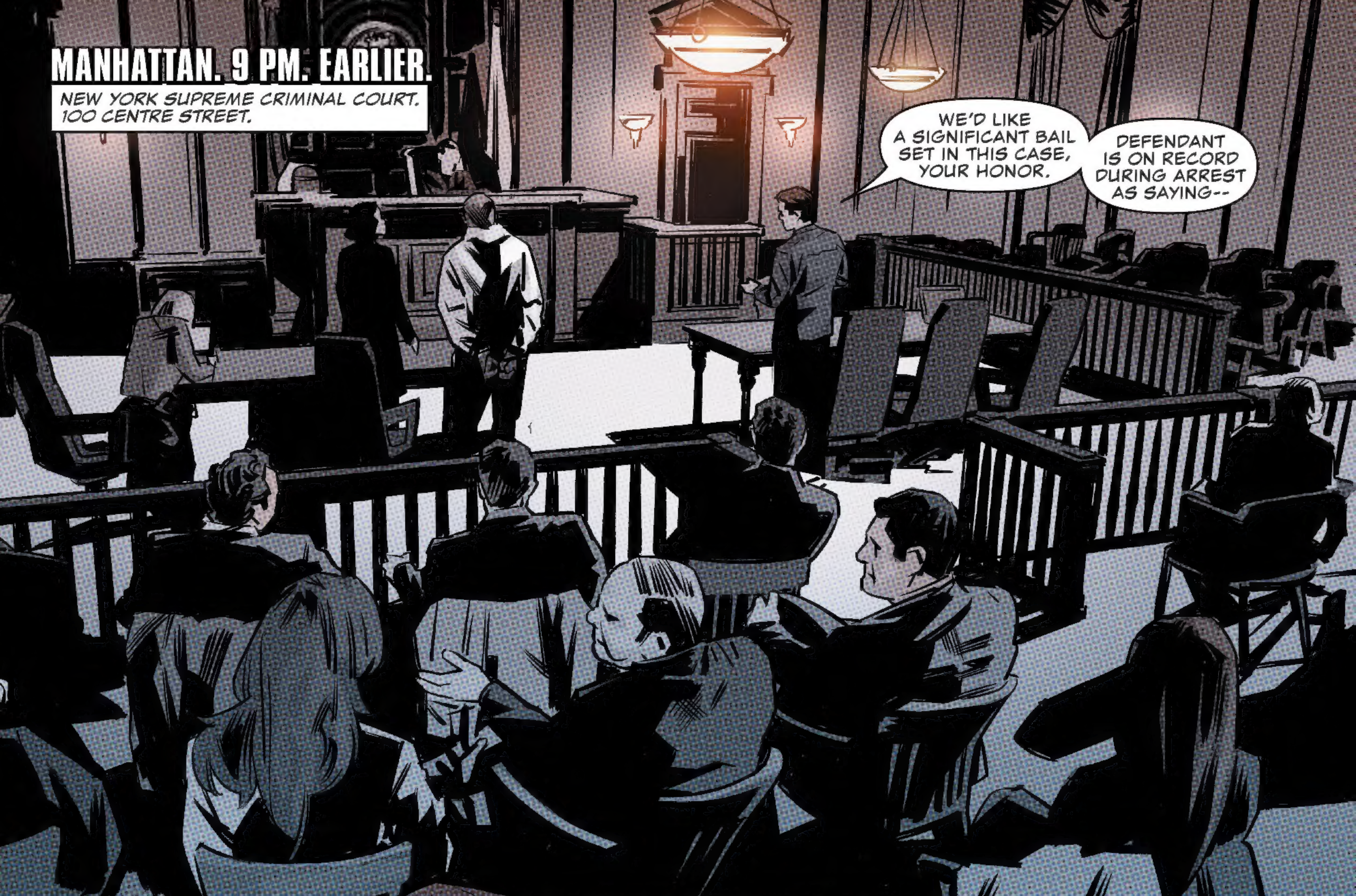
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MANHATTAN. 9 PM. EARLIER.  
NEW YORK SUPREME CRIMINAL COURT,  
100 CENTRE STREET.



WE'D LIKE  
A SIGNIFICANT BAIL  
SET IN THIS CASE,  
YOUR HONOR.

DEFENDANT  
IS ON RECORD  
DURING ARREST  
AS SAYING--



No. That's  
impossible.

--AS  
SAYING...

What is  
*Elektra*  
doing here?



YES,  
MR. MURDOCK?  
I THINK WE'RE ALL  
ON THE EDGE OF  
OUR SEATS.

WHAT DID  
THE DEFENDANT  
SAY?

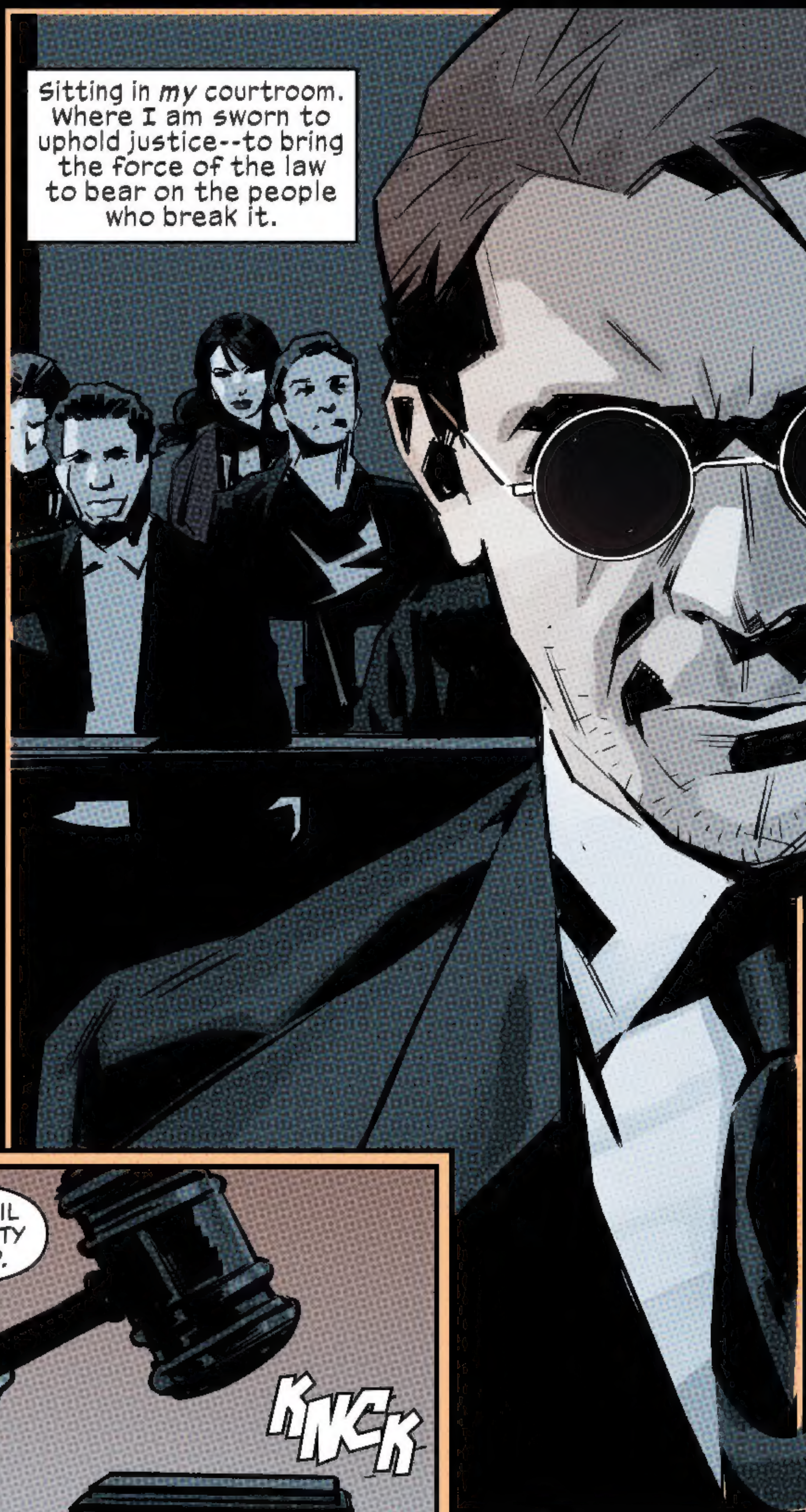




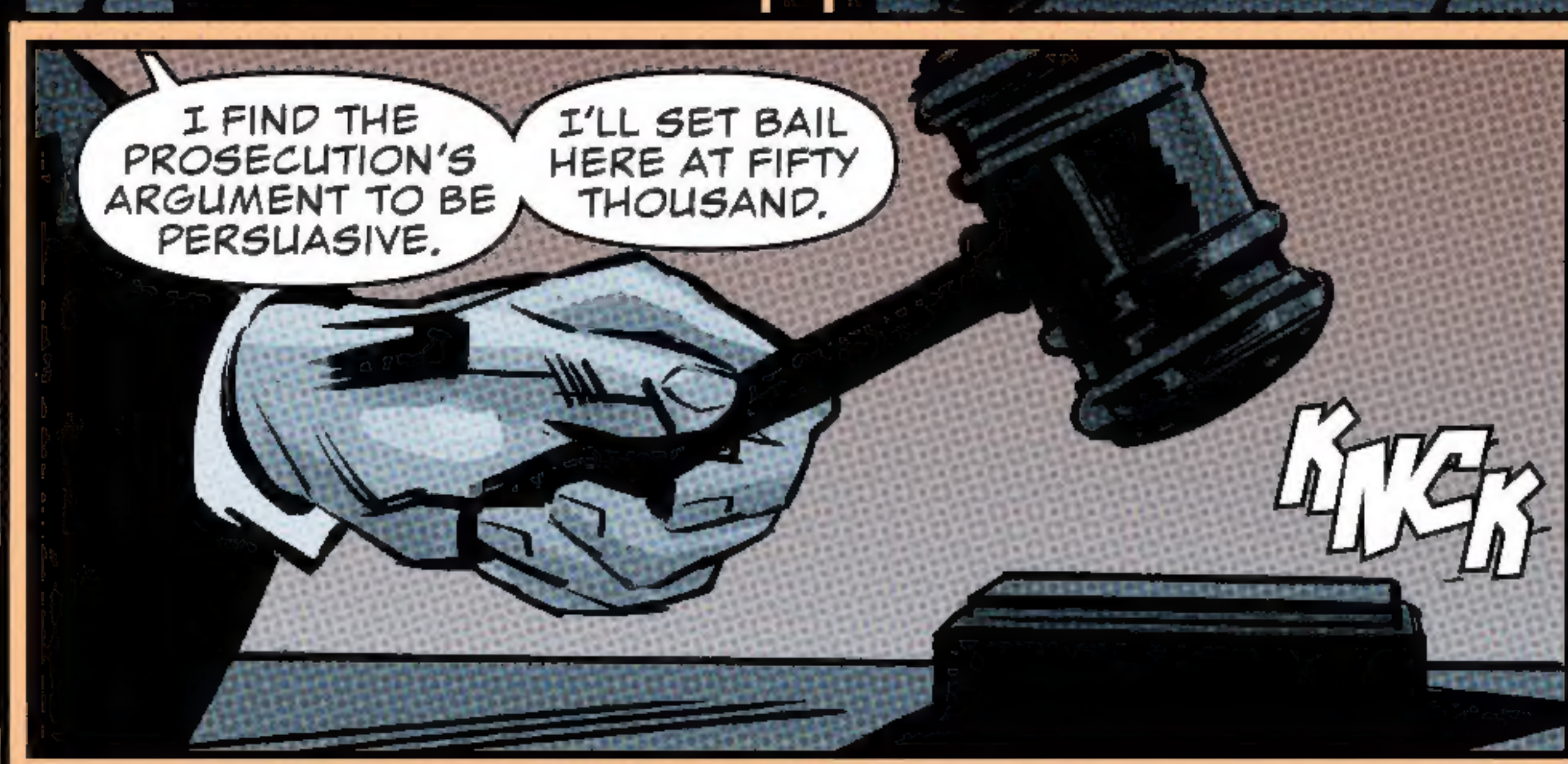
THE DEFENDANT IS ON RECORD AS TELLING THE ARRESTING OFFICER TO "LET ME OUTTA THESE CLIFFS-- I GOTTA GO KILL THAT SON OF A BITCH."

She is an *assassin*. An *elite assassin*.

One of the best murderers-for-hire in the entire world.



Sitting in *my* courtroom. Where I am sworn to uphold justice--to bring the force of the law to bear on the people who break it.



I FIND THE PROSECUTION'S ARGUMENT TO BE PERSUASIVE.

I'LL SET BAIL HERE AT FIFTY THOUSAND.

KICK



She's *right* there... a hundred times worse than this guy I'm putting away. A *thousand*.

And I won't say a word, even though, by every definition of the word, she is a *criminal*.

But then... so am I.

THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR.


What can I do? She must be here for me. There's no other explanation.

What if she...starts something? She could kill every bailiff in here before I could stop her.




Why is she *here*?






She doesn't  
know I know  
she's here.


To her,  
now, Daredevil  
and Matt Murdock  
are two different  
people.



I'm just a blind  
lawyer she used to  
date. Unless she says  
something...I just  
have to ignore her.




Ignore her heartbeat--  
steady, strong. I was  
always so proud of myself  
when I could get it above  
sixty beats a minute.



Don't think  
about that.

Evergreen, and  
blood, and the air  
before a storm.



Don't think about  
it. Not unless she--

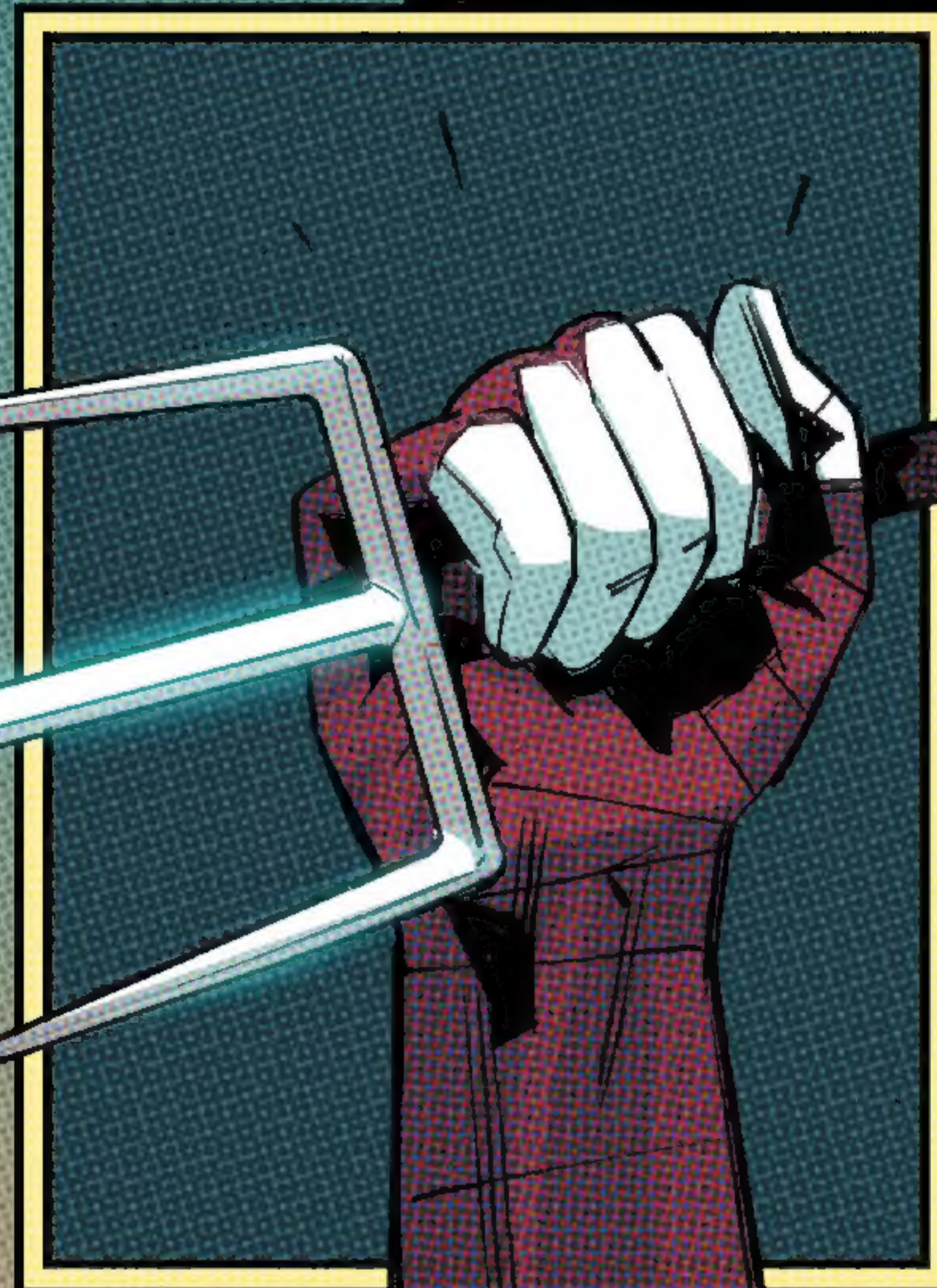
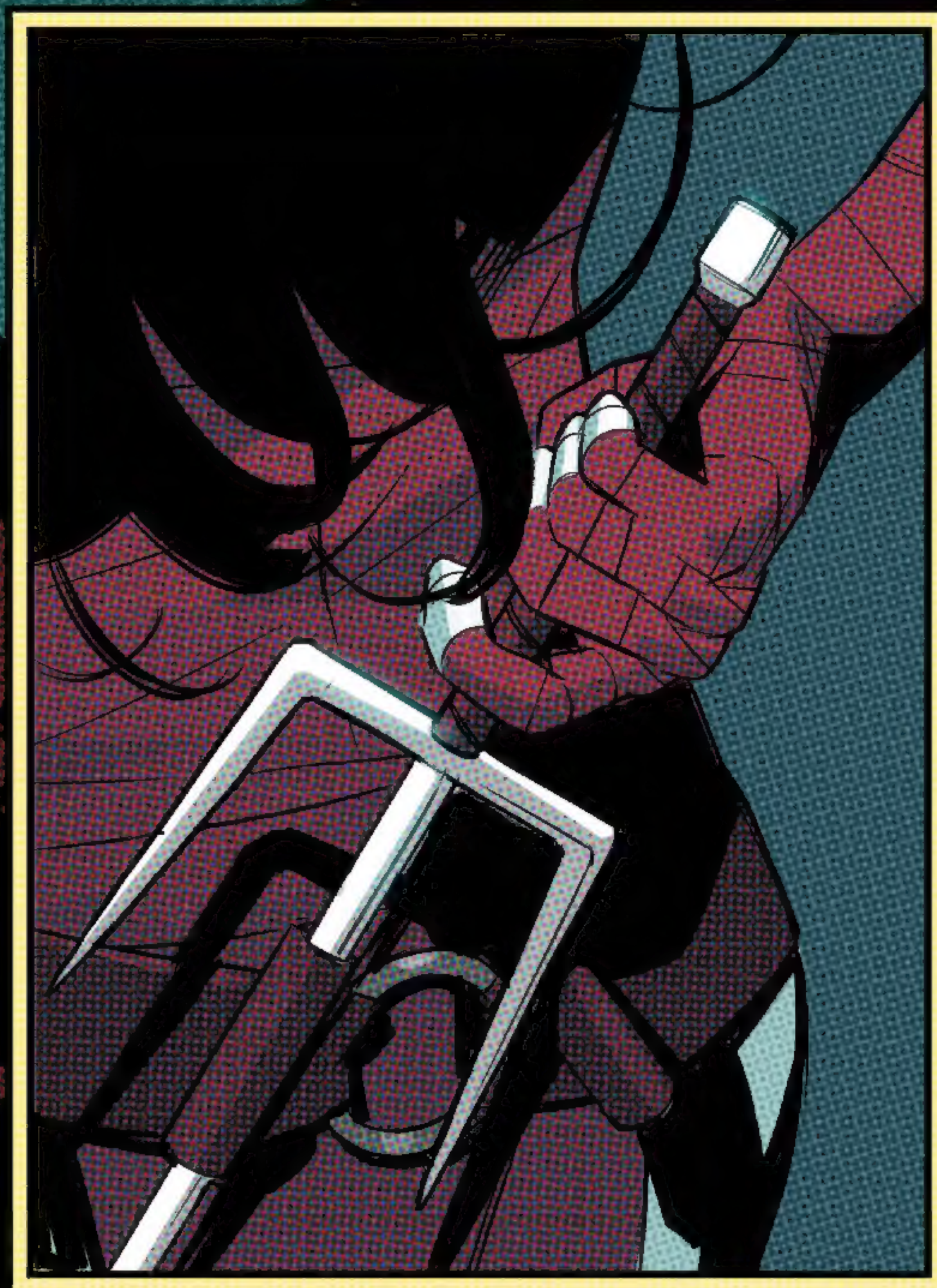
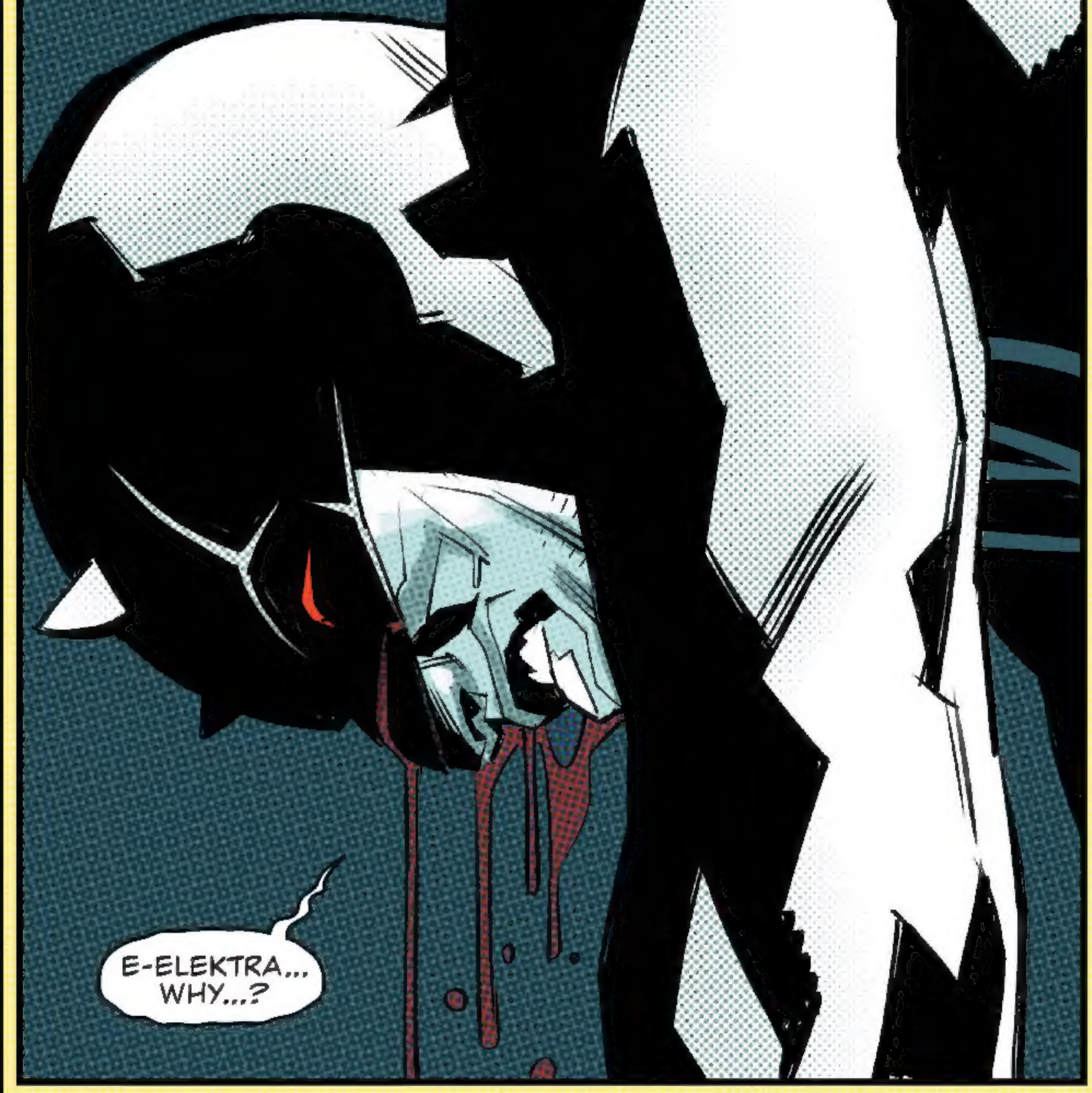


MATT.

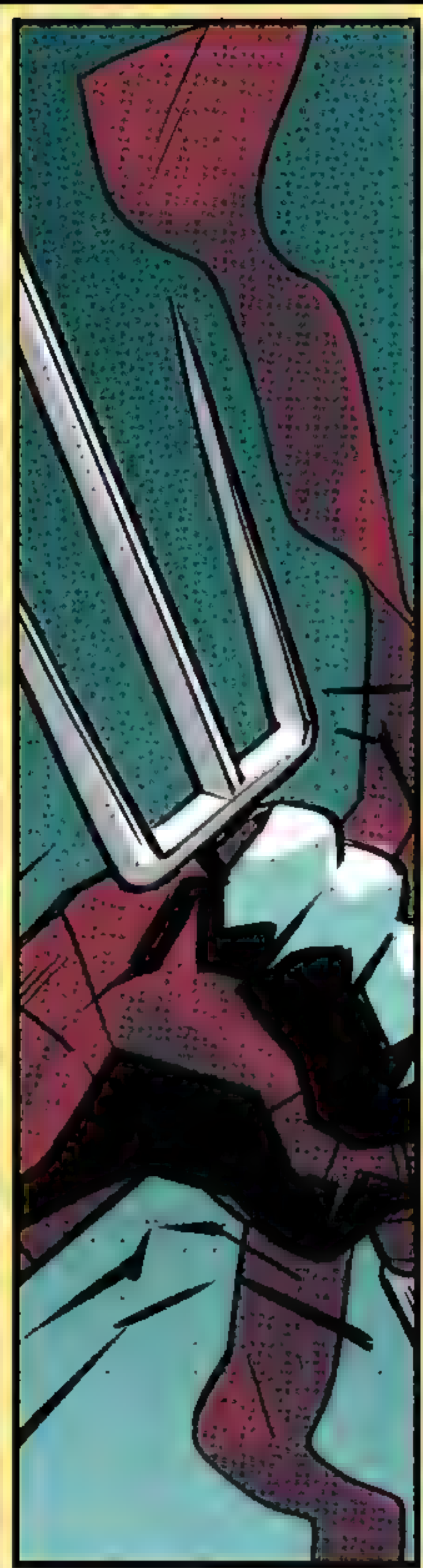












THAT'S ENOUGH!

WHAT--?

Blindspot.  
Oh...no.

I asked him to come here to watch...to see *Elektra*. Maybe *meet* her, if things went well.

He's so anxious to *learn*--to meet the players in the game...I should have *known* better.

BLINDSPOT!  
NO!

DON'T! SHE'S TOO MUCH FOR YOU. JUST...JUST RUN. RIGHT NOW!

IT'S ALL RIGHT--I'VE GOT HER. ARE YOU OKAY?



AH.





I'VE  
HEARD ABOUT  
YOU. YOU'RE THE  
CHILD HE'S  
TRAINING.

YOU  
SHOULD BE MORE  
CAREFUL.

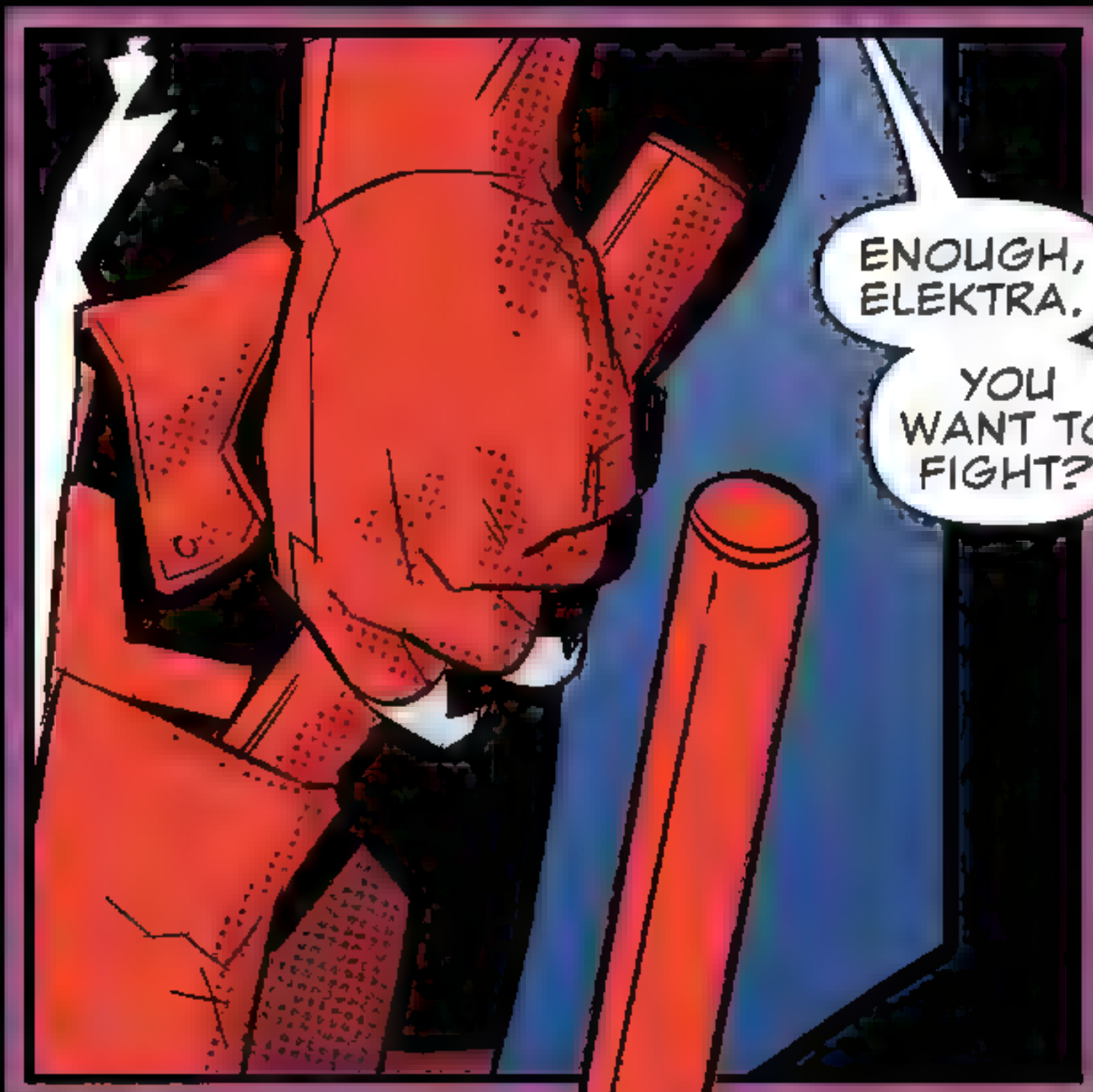
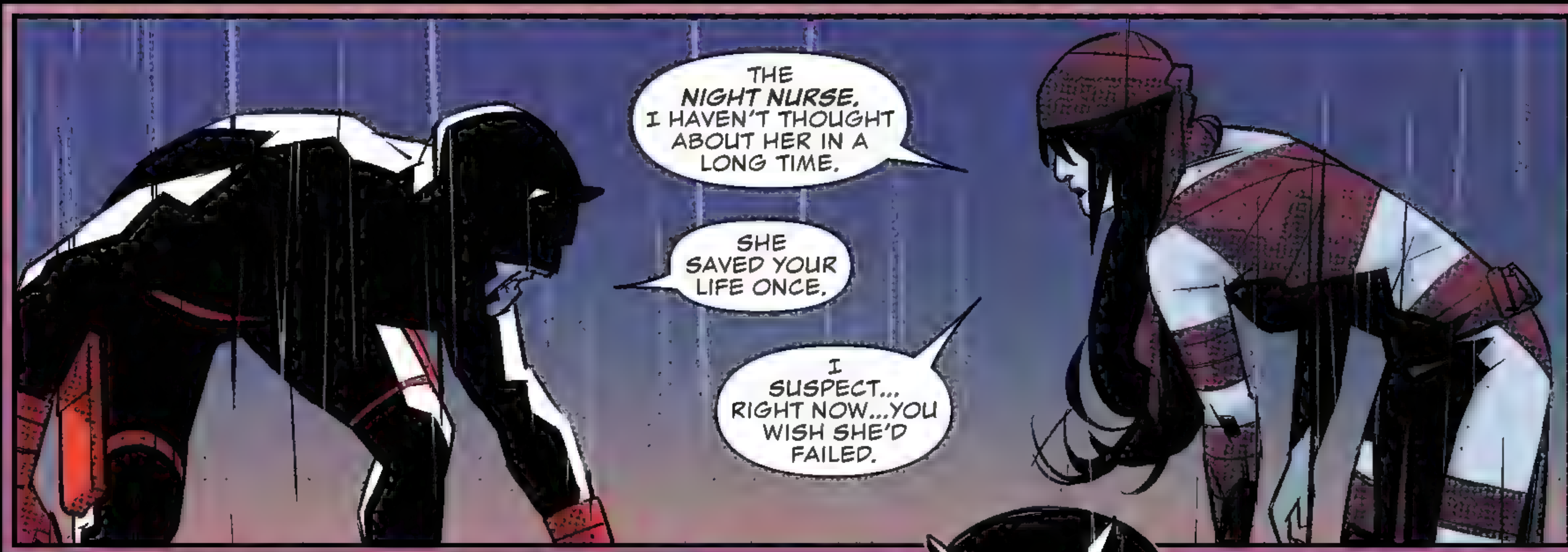
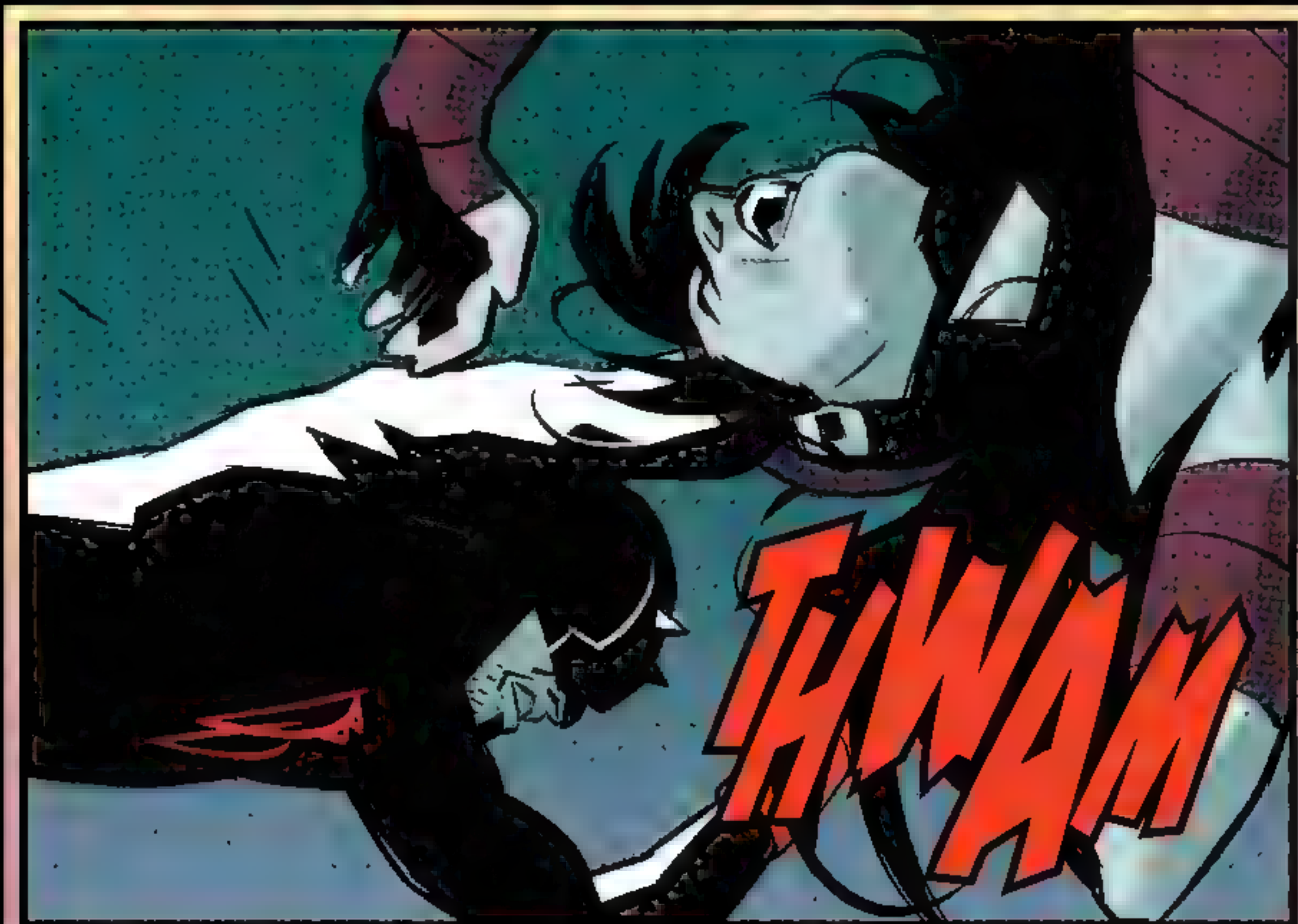
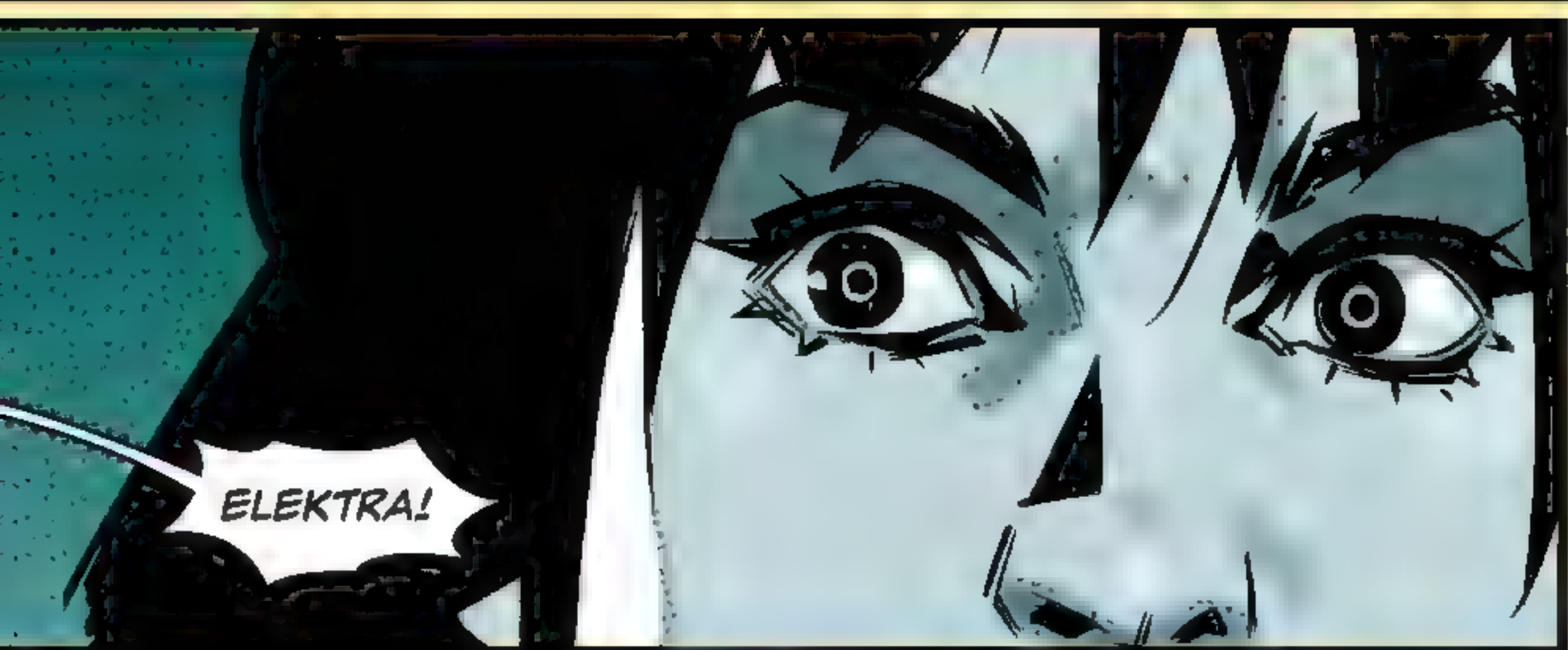


HE GETS  
HIS FRIENDS  
KILLED.

I KNOW  
THAT BETTER  
THAN MOST.







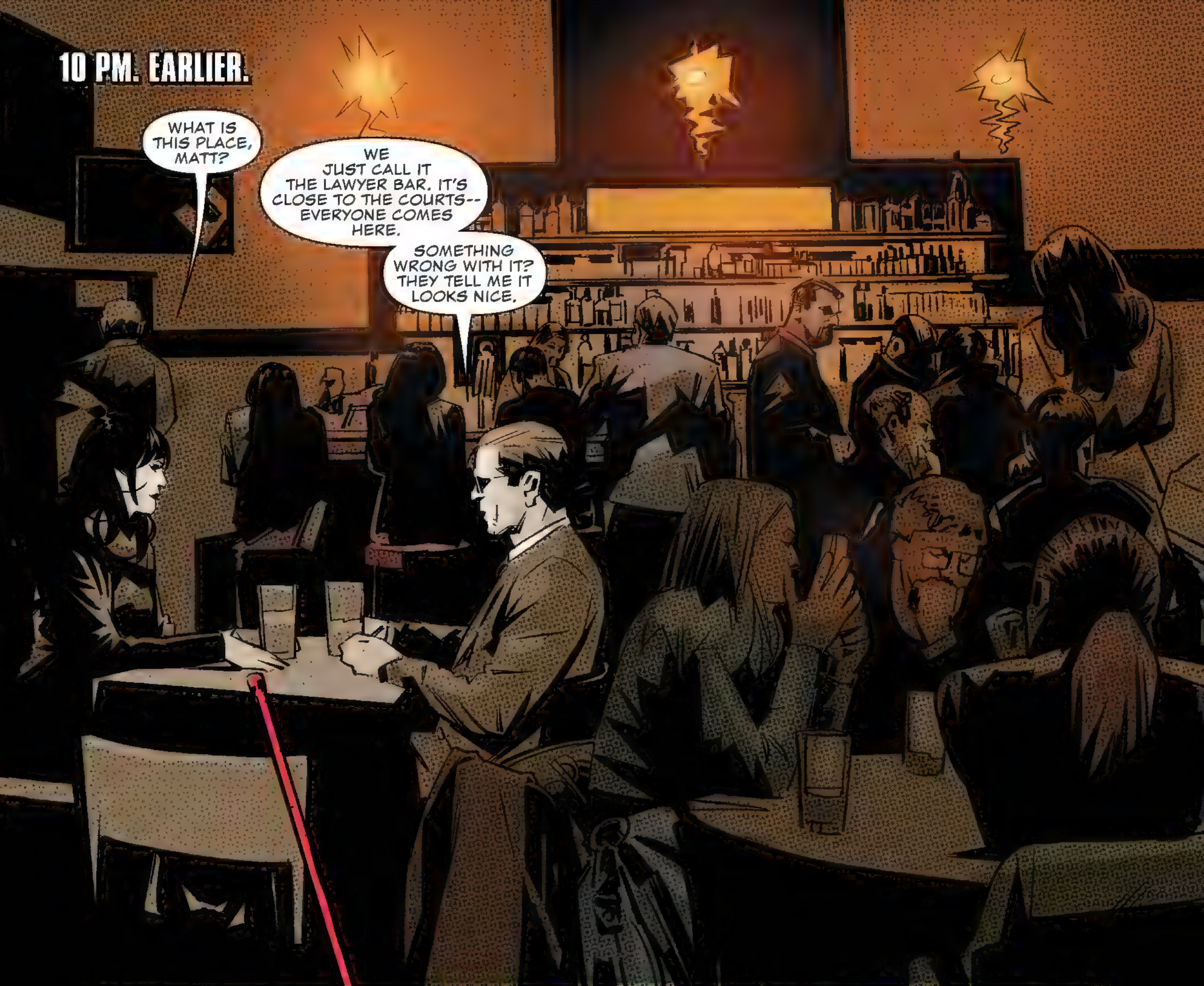


10 PM. EARLIER.

WHAT IS  
THIS PLACE,  
MATT?

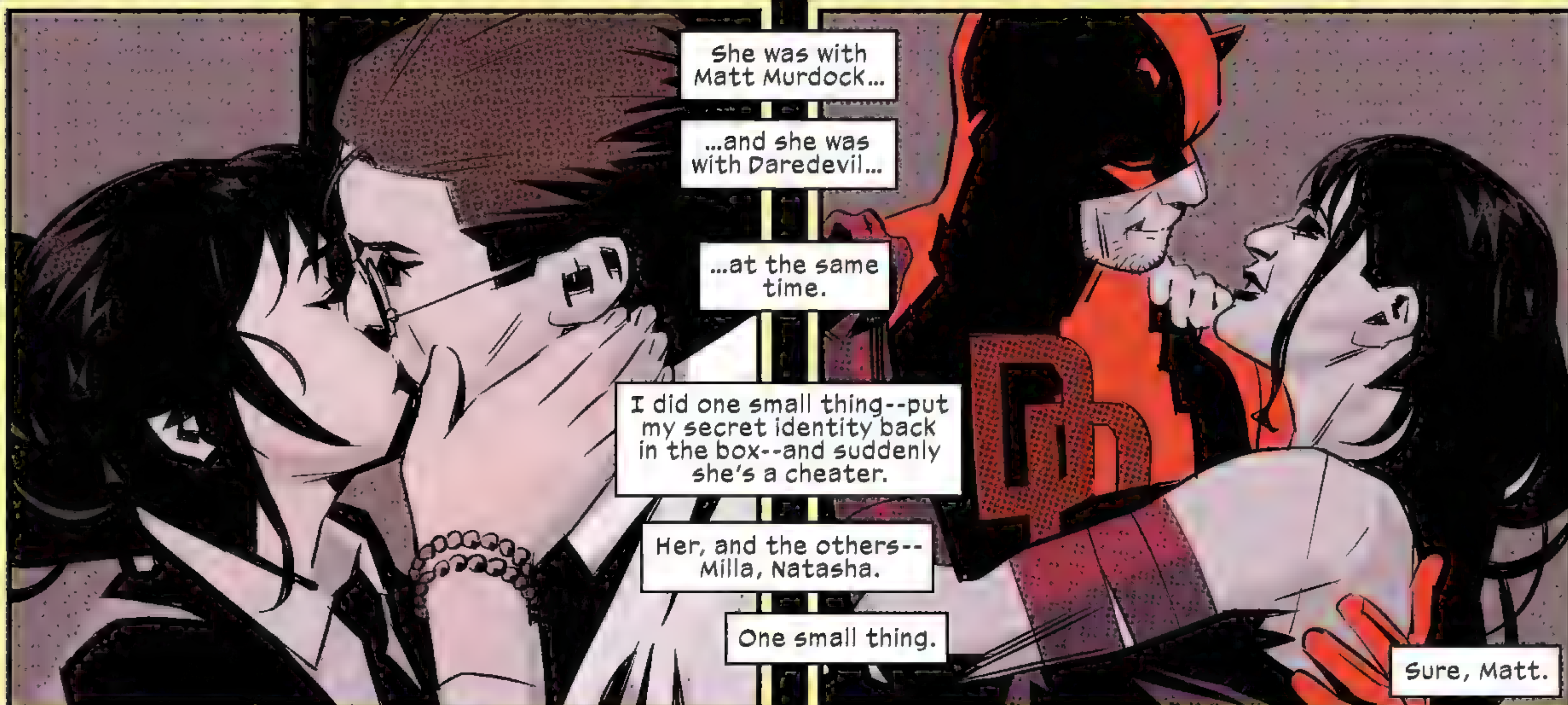
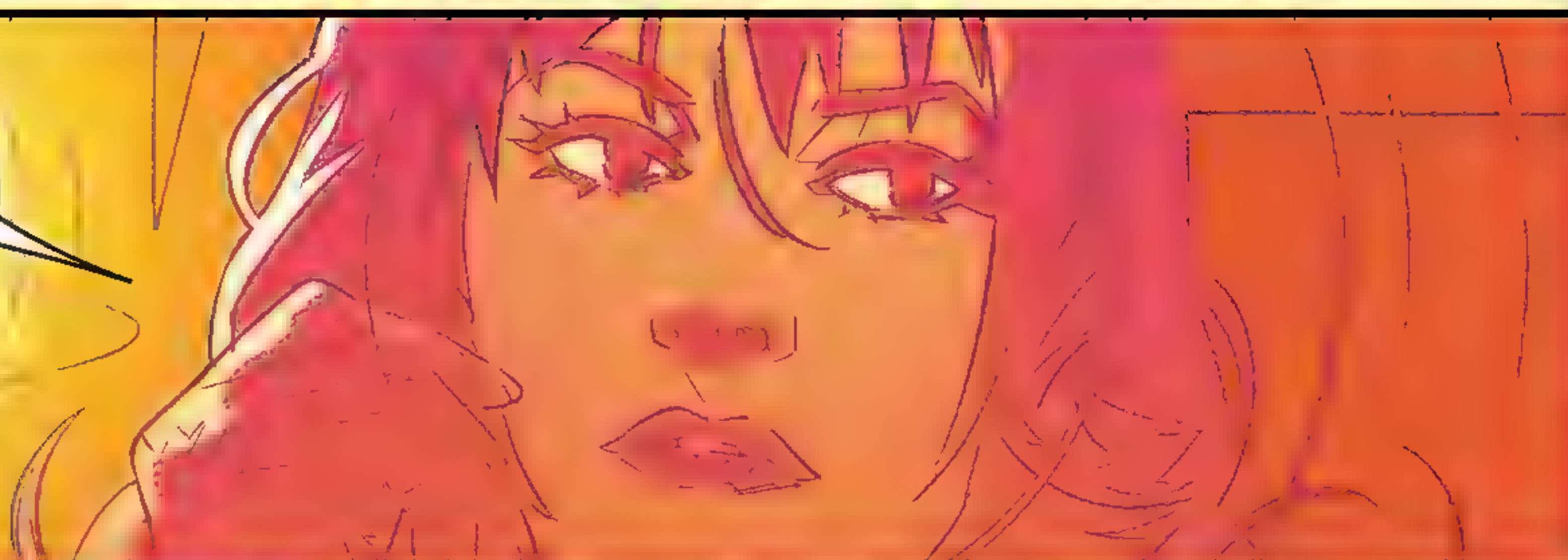
WE  
JUST CALL IT  
THE LAWYER BAR. IT'S  
CLOSE TO THE COURTS--  
EVERYONE COMES  
HERE.

SOMETHING  
WRONG WITH IT?  
THEY TELL ME IT  
LOOKS NICE.



IT'S FINE,  
IT DOESN'T  
MATTER.

How does she  
remember it,  
I wonder?



She was with  
Matt Murdock...

...and she was  
with Daredevil...

...at the same  
time.

I did one small thing--put  
my secret identity back  
in the box--and suddenly  
she's a cheater.

Her, and the others--  
Milla, Natasha.

One small thing.

Sure, Matt.



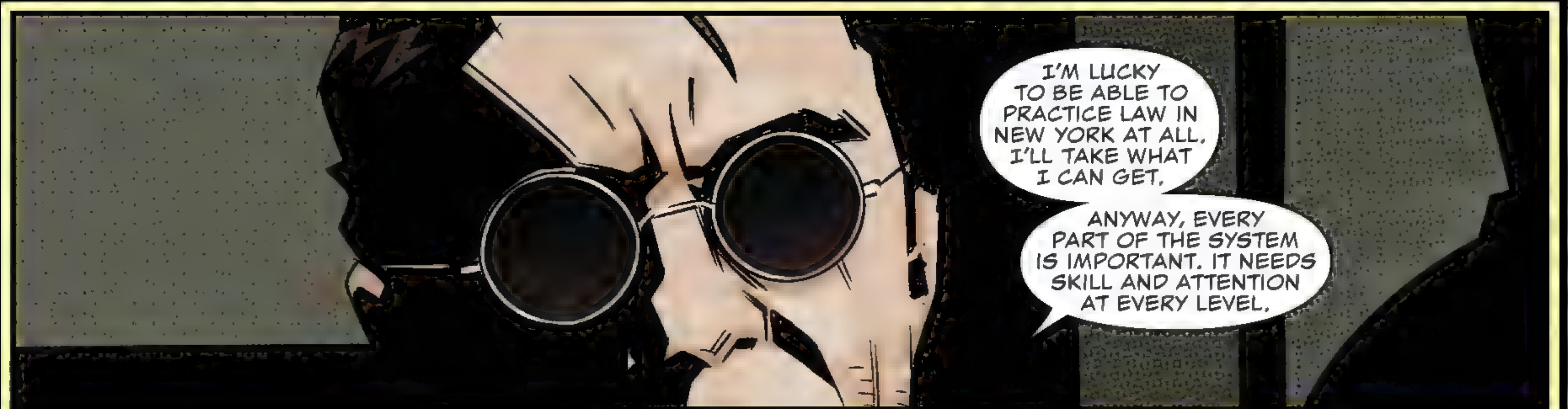


WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, MATT?

PUTTING PETTY CRIMINALS IN JAIL? ARGUING ABOUT BAIL. IT SEEMS...BENEATH YOU.

I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO SOMETHING CALLED E.C.A.B.--EARLY CASE ASSESSMENT BUREAU. GETTING CASES INTO THE FLOW--MOSTLY STREET-LEVEL STUFF.

I SCREWED UP A BIG CASE NOT LONG AGO. THE D.A. PUT ME IN E.C.A.B. AS...PUNISHMENT, I GUESS. MORE LIKE A CHANCE TO PROVE MYSELF. SEE IF I CAN STICK IT OUT, I THINK.



I'M LUCKY TO BE ABLE TO PRACTICE LAW IN NEW YORK AT ALL. I'LL TAKE WHAT I CAN GET.

ANYWAY, EVERY PART OF THE SYSTEM IS IMPORTANT. IT NEEDS SKILL AND ATTENTION AT EVERY LEVEL.



MM.

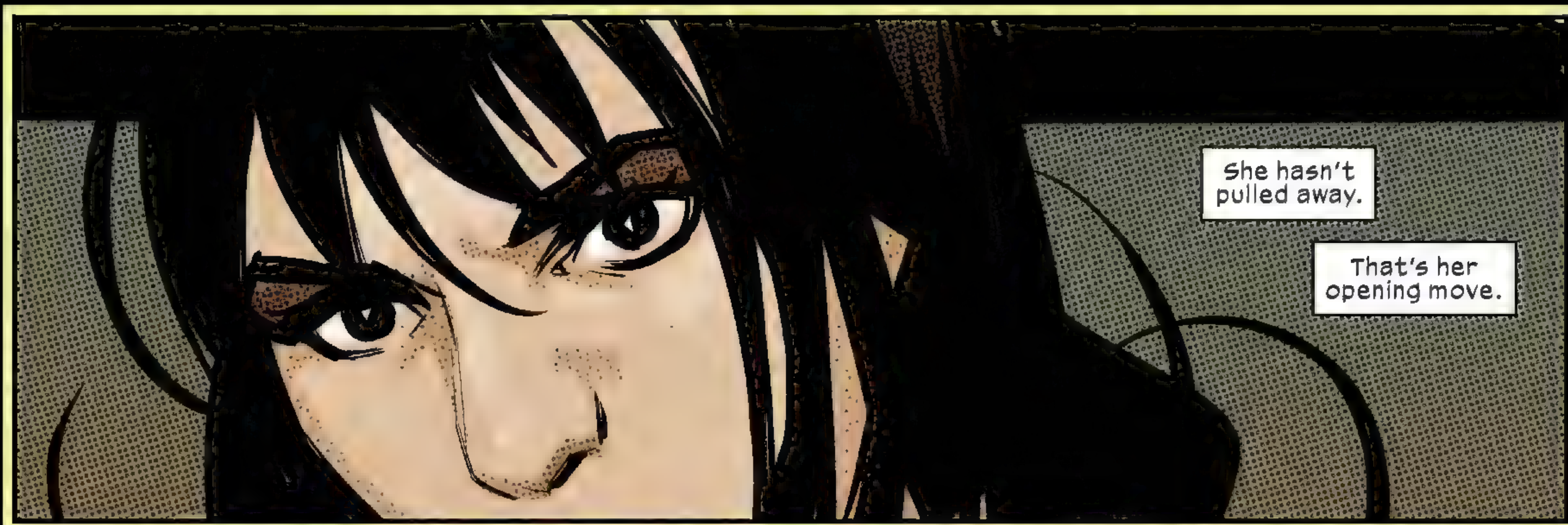
...

WHY ARE YOU HERE, ELEKTRA? NOT THAT IT'S NOT WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU, BUT...



...WHY ARE YOU HERE?





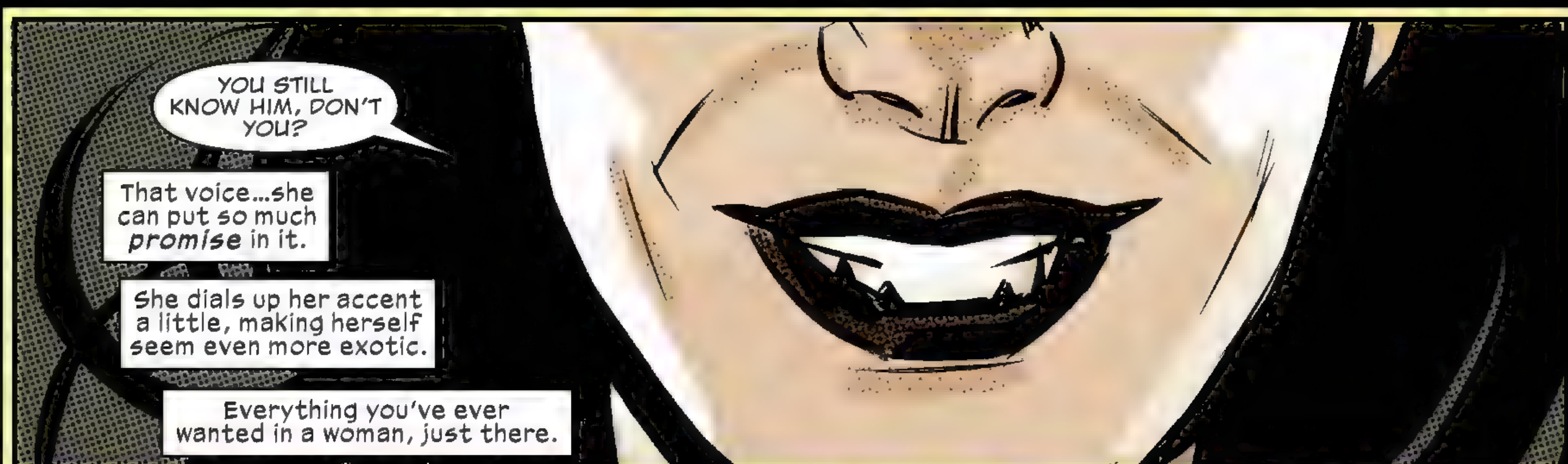
She hasn't  
pulled away.

That's her  
opening move.



IT'S NOTHING  
TOO DIFFICULT,  
MATT.

She has so many weapons.  
She's deadly in so many ways.



YOU STILL  
KNOW HIM, DON'T  
YOU?

That voice...she  
can put so much  
*promise* in it.

She dials up her accent  
a little, making herself  
seem even more exotic.

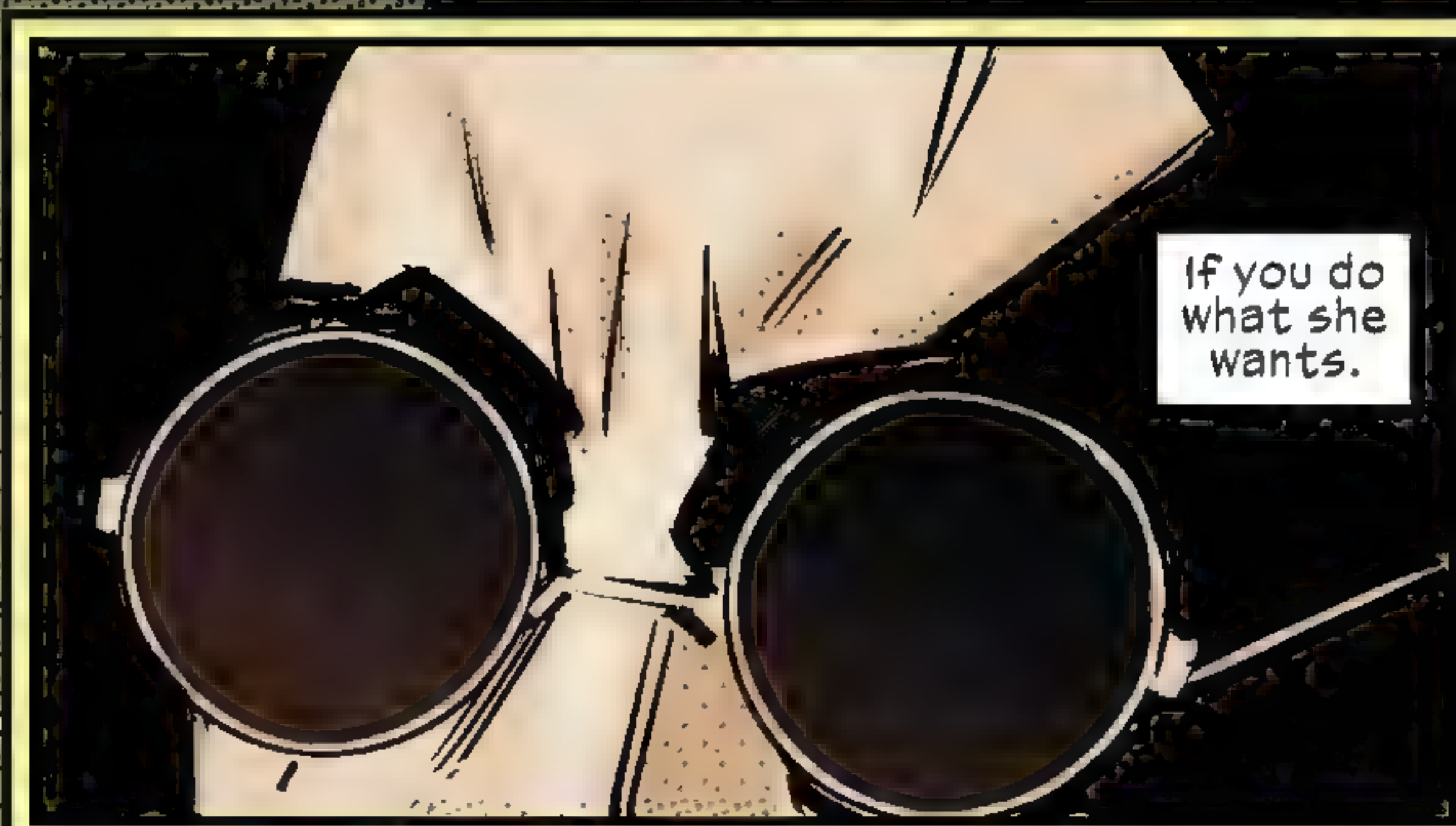
Everything you've ever  
wanted in a woman, just there.



All for  
you.

WHO?

DAREDEVIL,  
MATT. DAREDEVIL.  
I NEED TO MEET  
WITH HIM.



If you do  
what she  
wants.

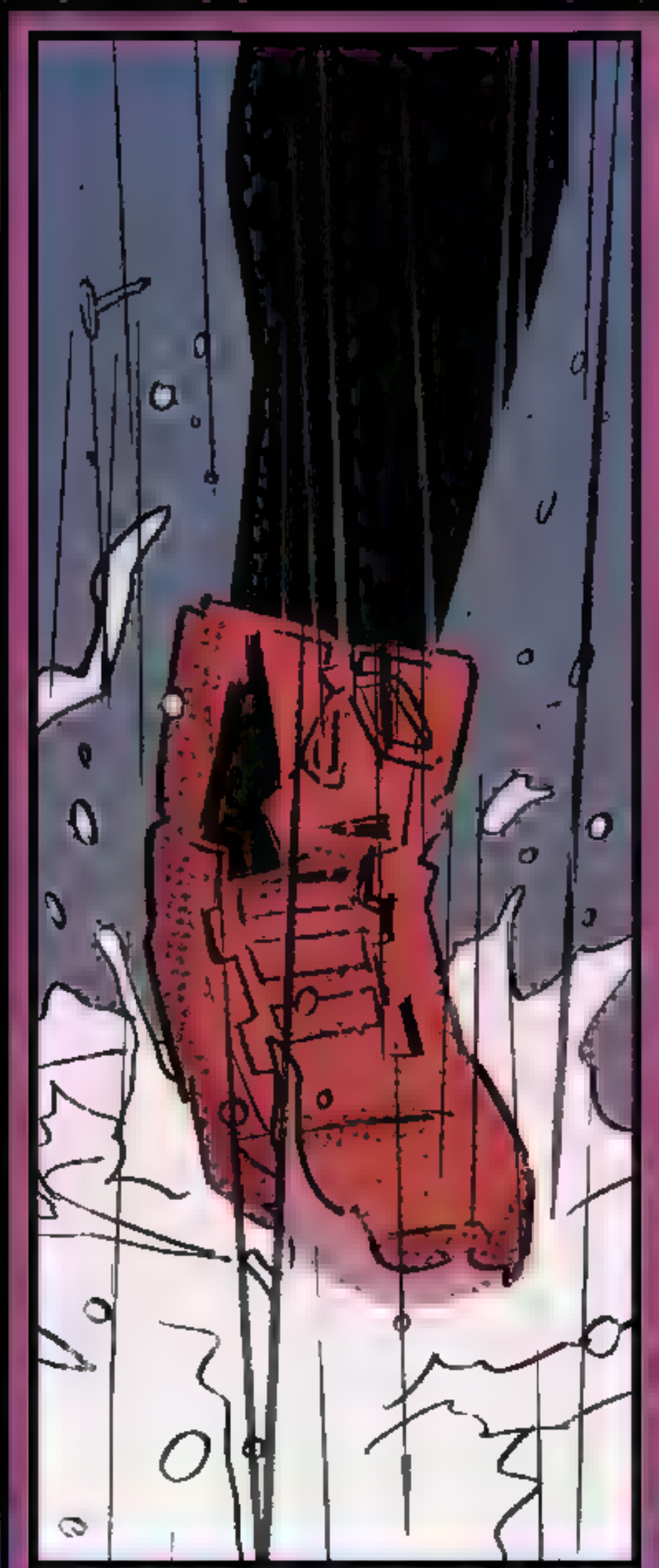


YEAH.



"I STILL KNOW HIM."

HELL'S KITCHEN.



YOU  
BROKE HIS  
ARM, ELEKTRA.  
HE'S JUST  
A KID.

THEN  
YOU SHOULDN'T  
HAVE BROUGHT HIM  
ANYWHERE NEAR  
ME.

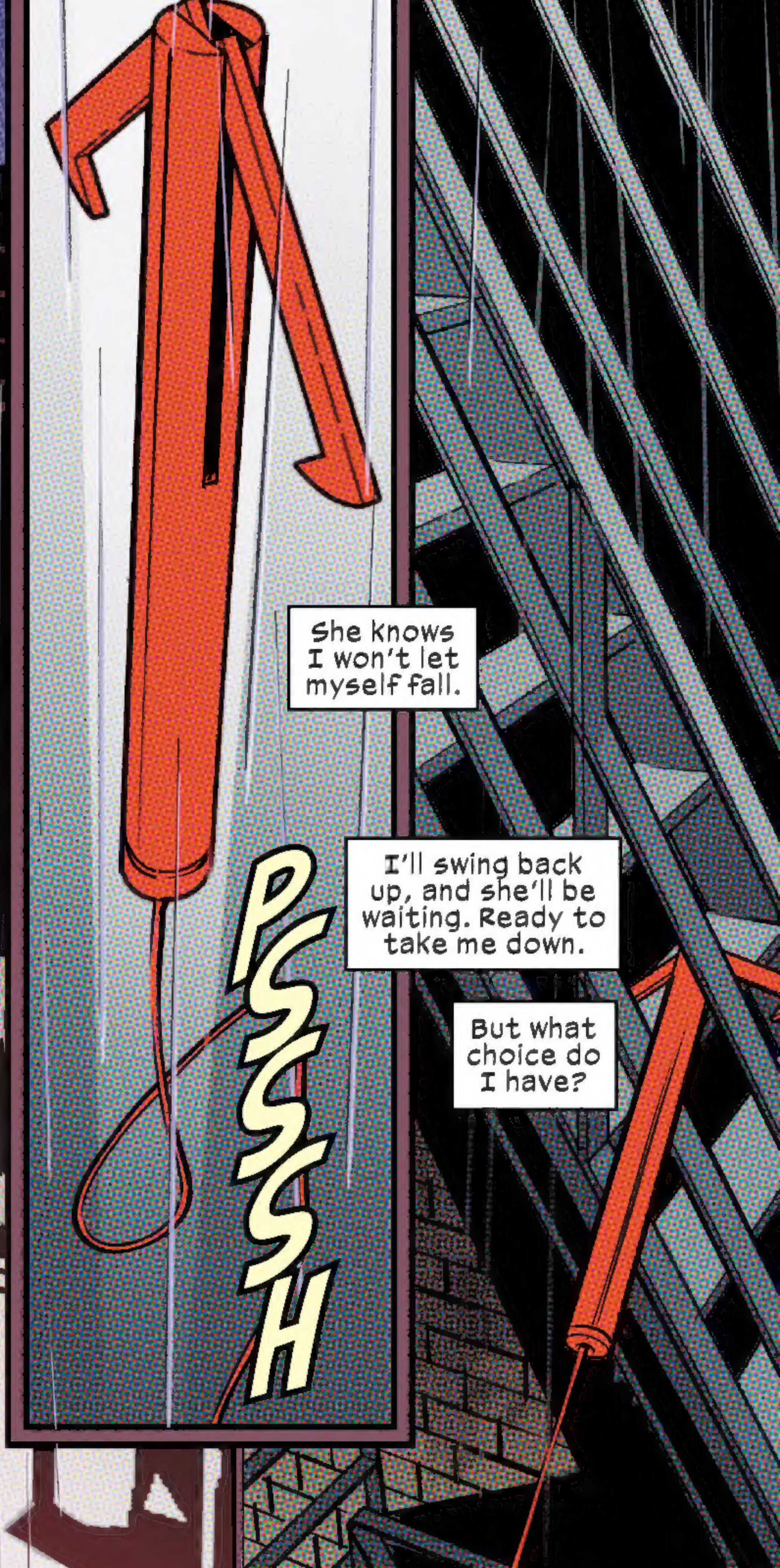




HAI!



This is a  
feint.

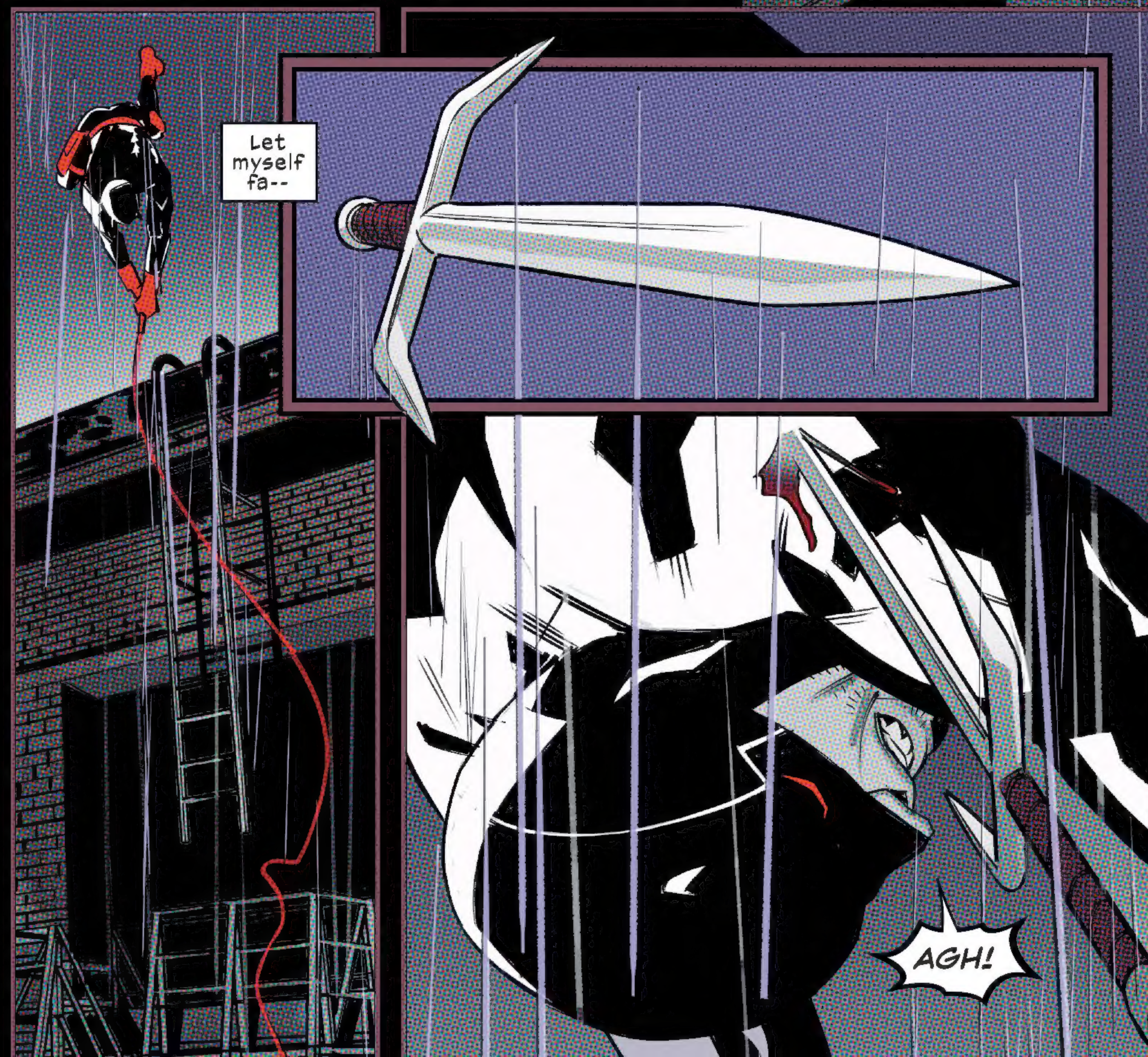


She knows  
I won't let  
myself fall.

PSSSH

I'll swing back  
up, and she'll be  
waiting. Ready to  
take me down.

But what  
choice do  
I have?

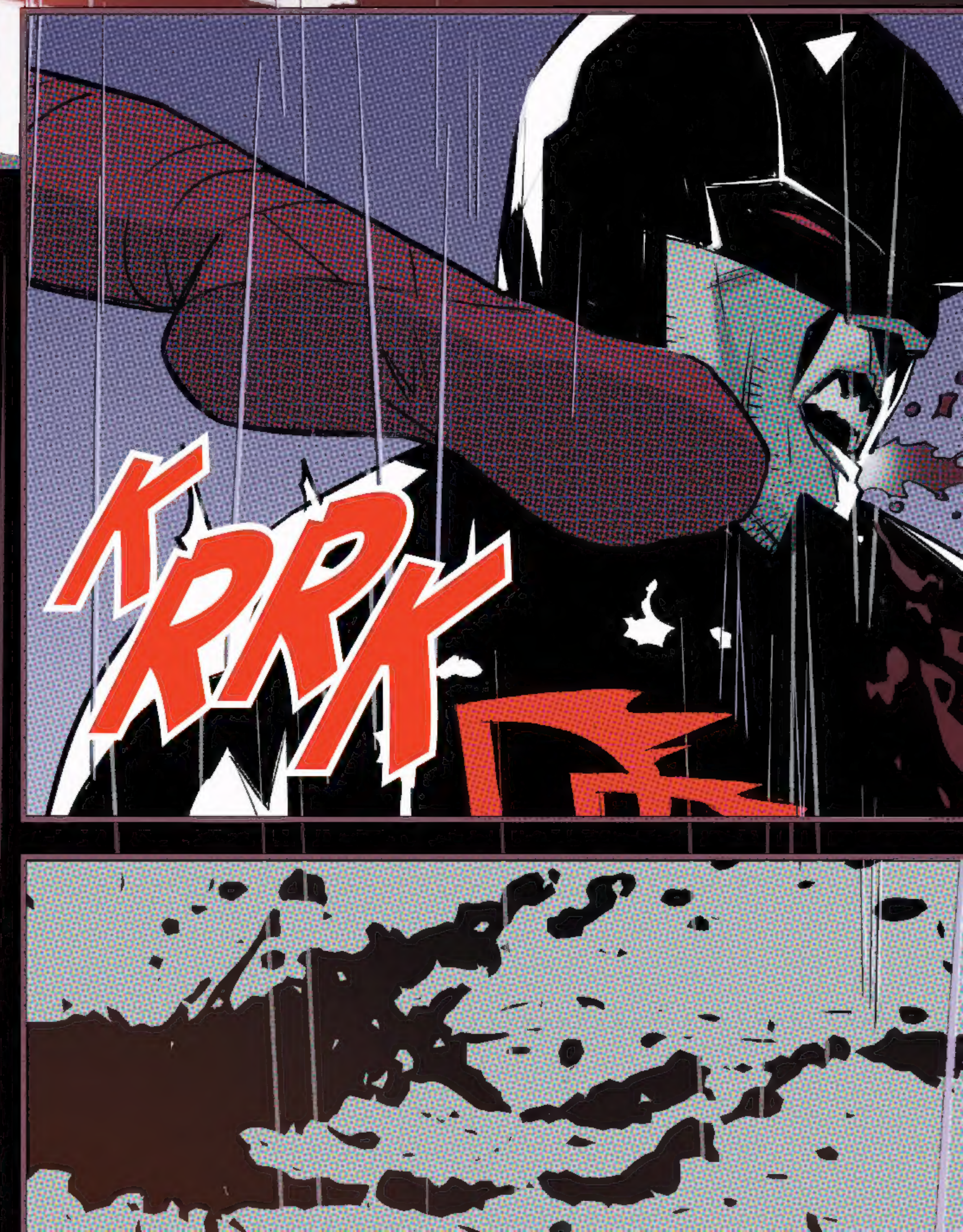


Let  
myself  
fa--

AGH!

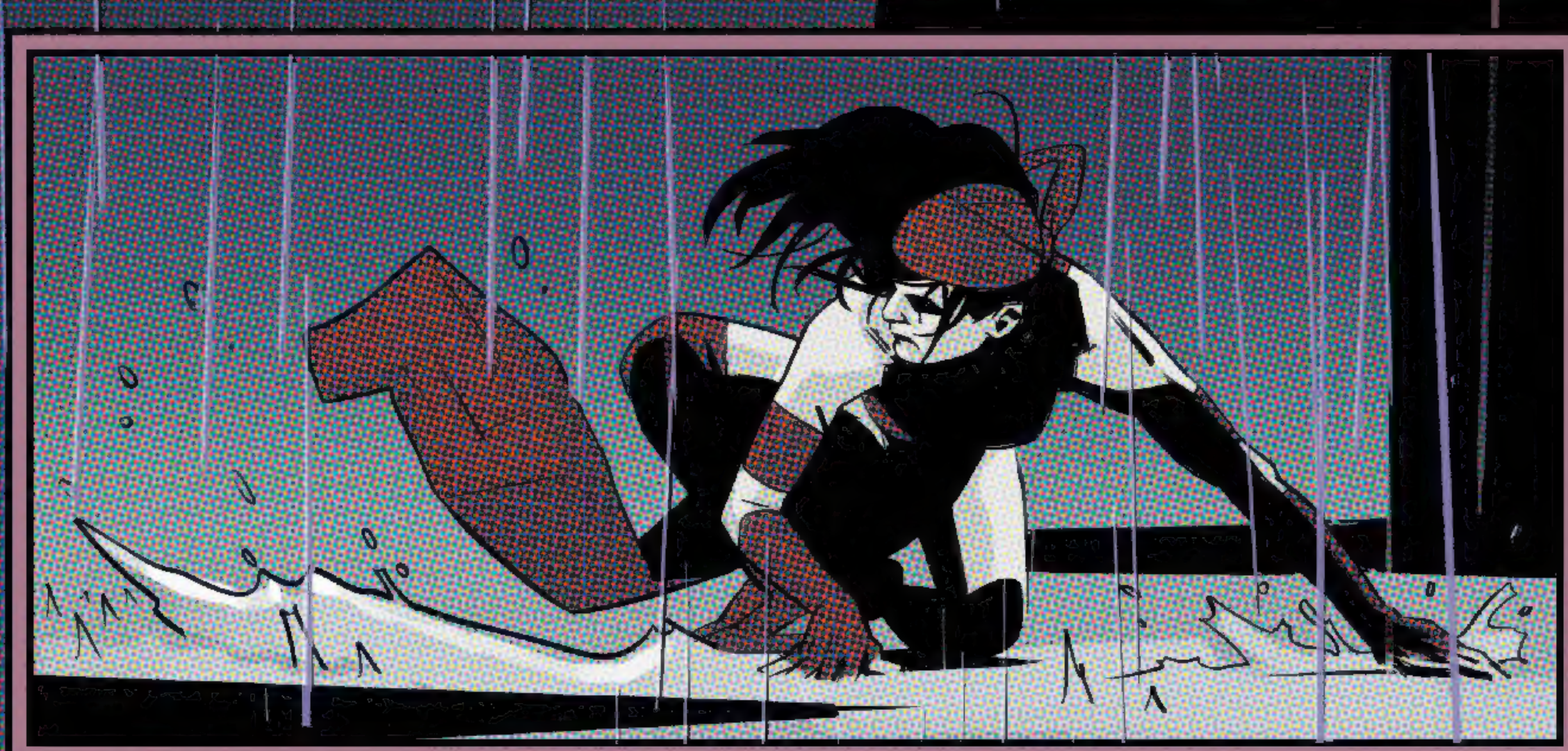
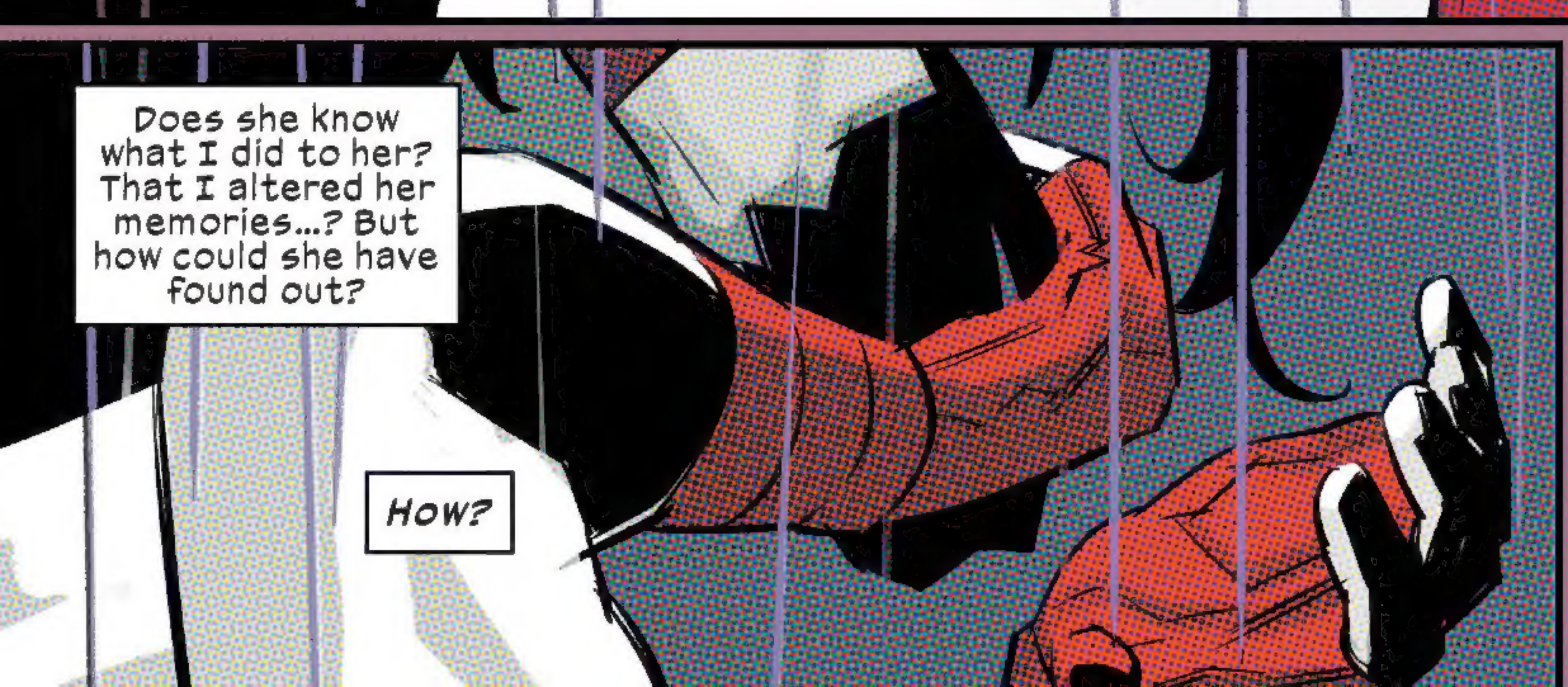
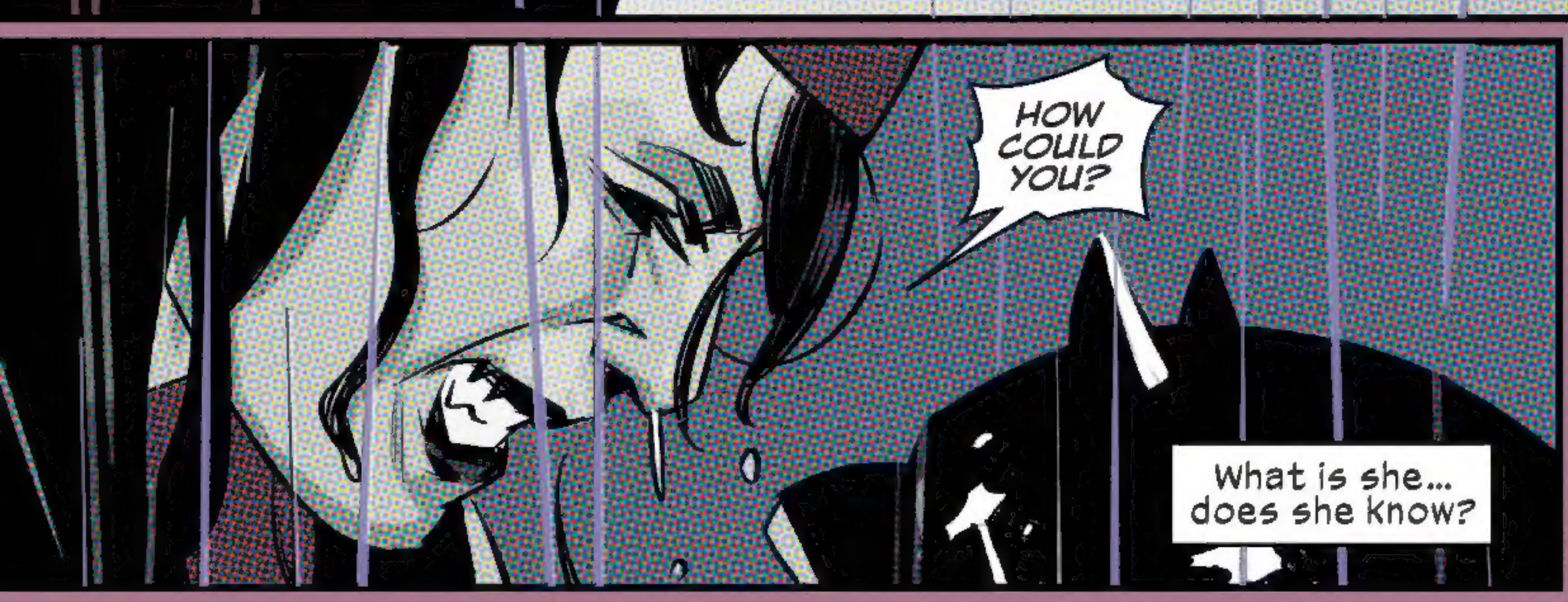
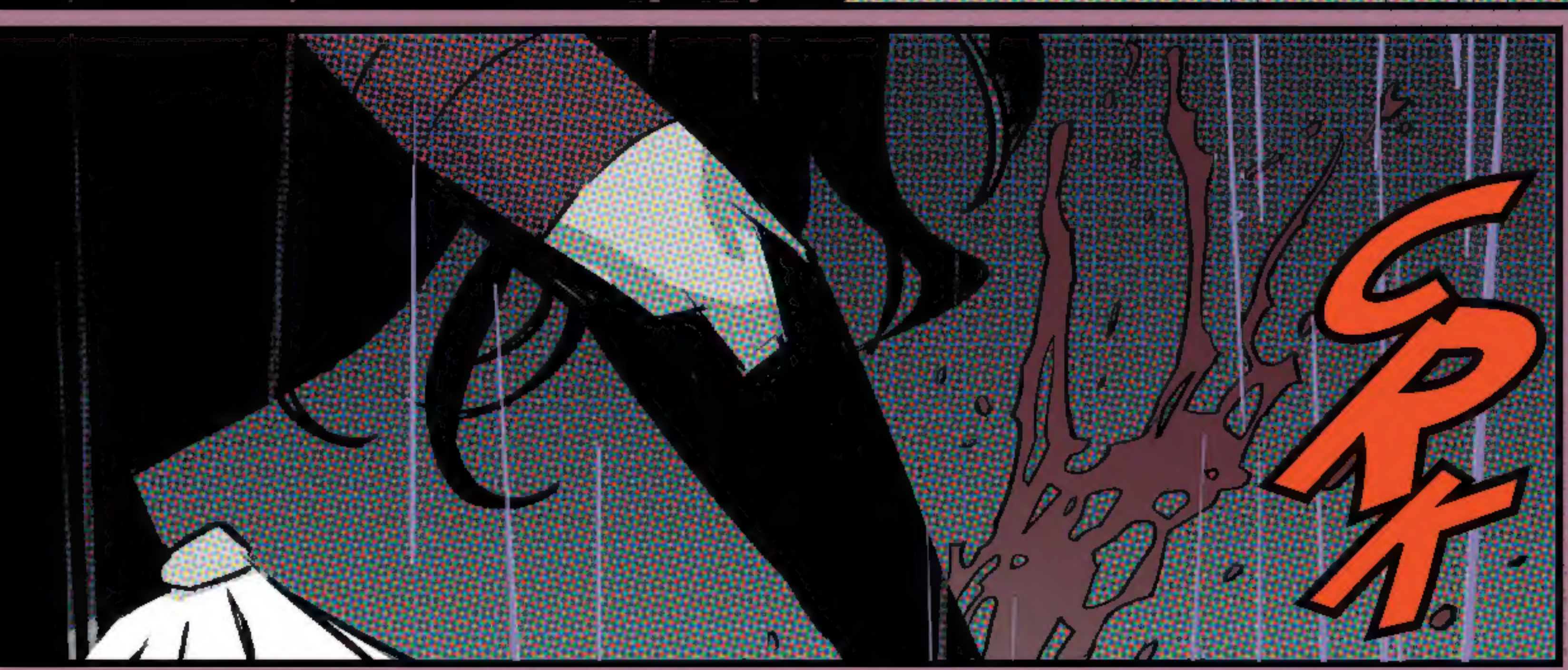


Armor took a  
little off it--didn't  
penetrate too far...  
but far enough.



KRRK







WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE WITH MY  
DAUGHTER?

TO BE CONTINUED...



